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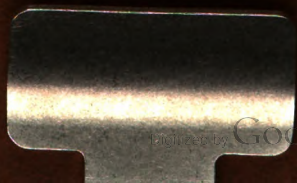


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# Junius with his vizor up !

OR THE

## REAL AUTHOR OF THE LETTERS

PUBLISHED UNDER THAT SIGNATURE

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

UNVEILED AND REVEALED TO THE WORLD,

IN

## TWO LETTERS

TO MY COUZIN IN THE COUNTRY.

---

FROM

**ŒDIPUS ORONOKO,**  
*TOBACCONIST AND SNUFF-SELLER.*

---

I am weary of conjectures :—THIS MUST END THEM !

*Addison's Cato.*

---

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1819.

UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA



DAYS  
ACTS

HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

NO. 100  
ANNEX

## PREFACE.

---

**I** CAN sympathize with all my heart in the sorrows which are poured forth, with such beauty of playful rhetoric, by that massy ingot of erudition—that gorgeous embroiderer of *ultra*-Clarendonian periods—that huzzar in disputation, and “most tremendous companion<sup>a</sup>,” DOCTOR

\* The following little anecdote, I think, illustrates, in a very engaging manner, the union of *simplicity* with *wit*. It is copied out of a letter to me from a late very singularly gifted man, distinguished for genius, eloquence, learning, and wit; and whose condescending kindness and truly affectionate friendship towards me will never be torn from my heart, “but with those holds which grapple it to life.”—He told me that he had it himself from the lips of Garrick, who was fond of relating it, in the circle of his friends, as a good-humoured fling at his brother’s cowardice:—“George Garrick saw Johnson first and last one day in the parlour of his brother David. He said not a word, but

PARR; when he laments, at the close of his preface to the Foxiána, “the grisly and multitudinous group of errata<sup>b</sup>,” which disfigures his work, occasioned by heteropticism as well as by cakography<sup>c</sup>, in his two-fold character, as drawn by him-

looked at him even as a man would look at an elephant or a lion well secured. When Samuel had growled himself away, and rolled off, like a seal, from the door; Well, George, quoth David, what do you think of this luminary?—Upon my word, said he, looking still half afraid, and with his eye to the door—upon my word, the gentleman seems to be one of the MOST TREMENDOUS COMPANIONS I ever knew.”

<sup>b</sup> In these words, doth the erudite and eloquent Doctor most amusingly paraphrase and aggrandize what ordinary persons would have called, in an ordinary way, *errors of the press*. See Pref. to Phil. Varv. pag. x.

<sup>c</sup> “He [Doctor Parr] sometimes wished that it had been his own lot to aspire to the *calligraphy* of the Antiquarii, &c.” Ibid. page ix.—By the way, I never see the Doctor in the full-blown honours of his burley and snow-capped wig, but I am forcibly reminded of the *curiosa felicitas* in the expression of an ingenious Frenchman, who, like our own Pennant, detested a peruke for its *falseness*, and told me that he always considered it—a *mensonge orgueilleux* !

self in the same place, of “a clumsy scrawler,” and “a dim-eyed corrector.” Still more closely does the cause of my sorrow approach his own, in that I have been necessitated, like him, to send my MS. to the printer in loose sheets and from the country.—Living, therefore, as I do, at Nicotium Hermitage, in a state of absolute seclusion from the world, though with all the Attic dignity of a retired cit<sup>d</sup>, and fettered, as I am, [for the Bacchanalian sins of earlier years,] by the gout in both feet, I have been disabled from making so punctilious a revision of proof-sheets as I could have wished; and, on that account, must crave the indulgence of my readers, in behalf of any such failures as may deform my publication. Some few years ago, and before marriage, I had the happiness of corresponding with a lady of Switzerland, who, though a perfect adept in Greek, and deep to the chin

“*Qui se repose*,” as Monsieur Dutens somewhat lackadaisically expresses himself, in the title page of his very entertaining *Memoires d'un voyageur*, &c.

in Chemistry, Geology, Entomology, and all the other indispensable attributes of female education in this exemplary age, was not *quite* a mistress of Mr. Bull's tongue, and constantly annexed to her letters by way of Postscript, and with inimitable candour;—"Pray put in little words—there's a dear, *to, from, for, will, shall, &c.* where you find 'em wanting." And as I find myself now in a somewhat similar predicament, let me hope that all my readers will kindly adopt, for my benefit, the restorative system prescribed in the P. S. of my female friend.

"It is the privilege of an Author to avail himself of a preface," says the late excellent Dean Vincent in the Introduction to his Voyage of Nearchus, "in order to procure favour and to anticipate objections." With a view to profit myself by the application of this fair principle, I was about to propitiate, if I could, by a low bow of respect, and in the beseeching attitude of a superannuated worm, those unsparing despots—**THE PERIODICAL CRITICS**, and to soften



the gorgon terrors of their brow ;—despots, who sit enthroned “ on a pyramid of stones”, to throw them at the heads of all those who pass by.” But I soon recollected that all such endeavours would be unnecessary. Because, if Pope’s interdictory hint against mangling a *butterfly* on the wheel, holds any influence over their iron hearts, it must, *à fortiori*, operate in favour of such a *grub* as myself; for, as Johnson well observes in one of his *Ramblers*; “ since dignity of character is always a panoply, so insignificance is always a shelter.” And even if, after all, I should remain unread, or neglected, or, worse than either, be reviewed, and, *of course*, “ chopped into messes,” as Shakespeare says, I shall wrap myself up in that mantle of self-love which clings, like the tunic of

\* Mr. Malone, in one of his notes on Shakespeare, enthrones Warburton on this pyramid of stones; and represents him as a tyrant in his command over the missiles around him, in his character of Critic and Commentator upon the works of Pope and of the Bard of Avon.

Nessus, to our nature, and forsakes not the most abject and forlorn ;—seeking, at the same time, refreshment and consolation from the good-humoured philosophy folded up in the following words : “ Tout travail merite un salaire; or le salaire d’un bon écrivain est dans les applaudissemens publics qu’il recoit. Mais le salaire manquant au méchant écrivain, il est juste qu’il trouve le sien dans les applaudissemens qu’il se donne à lui meme. C’est ainsi que la Nature a permis que les grenouilles trouvassent du plaisir dans leur chants.” P. GARASSE.

## LETTER I.

HIC VIR, HIC EST, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis !

ÆN. lib. vi. v. 792.

MY DEAR TOM ;

**WHAT** a bewitching and irresistible creature is flattery ! It is like that precious ointment that ran down the patriarch's beard, and is descended, by lineal devolution, from Hermon's dew. It is the turnpike to every heart in the world. Every moralist wraps himself up in defiance of its fascination, and the porter even of Taste flaps the door in its face, as if it were a poet, a younger brother, or a country couzin ; but it creeps up the back stairs, and finds its way to the bosoms of the best. The ladies who are the nectar and ambrosia of *this* life ; and for whom [more especially when *their stockings are a little blue*] I cherish a homage that borders on idolatry, can feed, and even grow fat upon this delicious inanity ;—and thus does it equally melt prudery in her boudoir, and the hermit in his

B

cave. Addison, I think, says, that, for a solitary man, he was happier in his depth of seclusion from the world, if he could see an eye peeping in upon him over the hedge, and could hear the peeper say—*What a Solitude!* The late Lord H. declared to his intimate friend, that if no passengers appeared upon a certain bridge that commanded a Pisgah view of his superb domain, he felt that *he had lost a day!* What an admirable parody upon Titus's complaint! But what must *I* (who am no Lord and have no superb domain to be jealous of) say, to the praises of your last? you have stolen the most graceful of Lord Chesterfield's quills, and dipped it in honey instead of ink. "*Learned and enlightened tobacconist*"—" *captivating snuff-seller*"—" *Hesperian fruit of an Oronoko branch*;"—these are a few, and only a few, of the tickling sophists, which "dance through your letter in all the mazes of *complimentary* confusion<sup>a</sup>." The Comte de Grammont said of his brother the Comte de Guiche, *que du surplus de l'excellent qui étoit en lui, l'on eût composé deux sujets parfaits*<sup>b</sup>; and your pane-

<sup>a</sup> See Junius to Sir W. Draper, Letter vii.

<sup>b</sup> Mem. tom. ii. 307. But the most hyperbolical of all vanities and the most amusing of all gasconades, is that of a

gyric upon *me* reminds one of that preposterous *éloge*. But what am I to think of it? Is it genuine? Does it spring from the fresh feelings of the heart, or is it the base and counterfeit currency of an ignoble passion for ridicule and banter? Tell me whether your lip was not curled with ironical scorn, whilst in the very act of pelting me with these roses? Or am I simply to look upon them as a lure for pay-

Parisian *ballerino*, and a personal friend of Napoleon. It leaves the well-known coxcombry of Vestris, who was the self-created *Dieu de la Danse*, leagues and leagues behind it; and is besides quite in the spirit of the *tigre-singe* nation. "*Je vais si haut*—said, he, speaking of his Opera feats—*oui, Monsieur, veritablement je vais si haut, que je m'ENNUIE en l'air !*"—*Apropos* of Napoleon. I know an incurable punster (so incurable, indeed, that he goes, in the circle of his friends, by the name of Annibal, the *Punic* hero!) who sent by a light vessel a *billet-doux* to the Ex-Emperor, when on his St. Helena voyage. Like the person of the "throneless homicide" to whom it was addressed, it was very short, and couched in these words:—

I, BONE, quā *virtus tua* te vocat. OVID.

But if he had not frittered away his powers by these low arts of punning, which are the tripe and cowheels in the market of wit, he might have sent him a better quotation, and in a more dignified and solemn tone: *Le voici*—

ILLI JUSTITIAM confirmavere triumphi,  
PRÆSENTEM docuere DEUM! nunc secula discant  
INDOMITUM NINIL ESSE PIO, TUTUMVE NOCENTI!

CLAUDIAN.



ments in kind; and are we for the time to come, in our character of correspondents, to emulate Pope and his letter-writing coterie of obsequious gossips, in their adulation of each other, and their scorn for the rest of the world; or (to step down one flight of stairs) must we, like the chivalrous Warburton<sup>c</sup> and his faithful squire<sup>d</sup> (*si parva licet, &c. &c.*) deal only in con-

<sup>c</sup> See in the "Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his friends," the luscious compliments interchangeably bandied, with the shuttlecock of self-love, by those Luminaries—not only in the first honeymoon of their friendship, but throughout life. And before such flaming orbs, all contemporary constellations such as Leland, Jortin, Secker, Lowth, Johnson, Burke, and Co. contract their fiery arms—

Et cœli justâ plûs parte recedunt ! VIRG. GEORG.

<sup>d</sup> Shamefully called by that dashing but most ingenious and entertaining writer, Mr. D'Israeli, "a polished sycophant," and a jackal echoing the roar of the lion, &c. *Quarrels of Authors*, vol. i. p. 68. Though I can by no means acquiesce in the propriety of these *sobriquets*, yet it seems on all hands to be agreed that this frigid, wary, slow-treading, and most unchivalrous character was little fitted by nature to become the *pedissequus* of a Crusader in the Theological field, distinguished, more than any other champion there, by the heroism of paradox, and a gladiatorial fierceness against all opponents. Neither can I approve, any more than the author of the P. of L. of the hard knocks inflicted by PARR on his toilworn and passive helmet. They resemble the blows of a giant in the dark—strong, but—ill-directed. See the genius of Hurd balanced on his "*antithetical spear*,"

tests of compliment and reciprocations of polished smartness? Must *we*, after the fashion of *these* luminaries, [who, by the way, became, by their own self creation, monopolizing patentees of the planetary system,] execute indentures *duo-partite*, which shall promise and covenant for a constant exchange of *Epping butter* between us? Oh! no, my dear Tom;—I will relieve you from the flutter into which you have been thrown by these pressing interrogatories. A

against that of Warburton, by the very learned and eloquent Editor of the Warburtonian Tracts, pag. 152.—PARR, with his accustomed felicity of adaptation, has applied to Warburton, page 149. the words which Longinus uses in describing the character of Timæus. Will he forgive me for observing that I have transcribed into the fly-leaf of the first vol. of my copy of the Divine Legation, the words used by Eusebius in describing the writings of Philo:—*πολὸς γάρ μιν τῷ λόγῳ καὶ πλαστὸς ταῖς διανομαῖς, ὑψηλὸς τε καὶ μετρώς ἐν ταῖς εἰς τὰς θύρας γραφῆς διατριβαῖς γεννημένος, ποικίλην καὶ πολυτρόπον τῶν ἱερῶν λόγων πεποιητὴν τῆς ὑφήγησιν.* Eccl. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 18. But, above all, see and read that *opus palmarium* of the Quarterly Review, the article in the seventh volume upon the Works of Warburton; which, for splendor of diction, for a luminous, just, and nicely discriminating taste, for the athletic grasp and comprehension of mind with which the whole subject is grappled and mastered, and, lastly, for the accurate appreciation, as it seems to me, *both* of Warburton's wonderful powers and his application of them, is above all praise, and deserves to occupy the same shelf of honour with the critical writings of Cicero, Quintilian, and Johnson.

little bird has whispered the truth in mine ear, and imparted the key that unlocks all the secret. You thought of gaining your object surreptitiously—you thought that my heart would have yielded to this *coup de grace*, so skilfully administered, and have been quite thrown off its guard by the “honied globules” which have dribbled from your pen. And, doubtless, the impression of agreeable surprize was the more striking, because the homespun habits of my life had entirely shut me out from the hope of ever being so tickled by the complimentary feather. When your favour, with all its holiday terms, arrived, and when it had been read, with the engaging *agréments* of my wife’s personal delivery, to a large assemblage of approving friends, the ingenuous blush of modesty mantled to my cheeks, a tide of ecstasy thrilled, with delicious madness, through my veins, and even the tips of my fingers involuntarily tingled with the conscious crimson! Before *your* cup of adulation reached the lip, no breath of praise had ever feasted the ear, or regaled the vanity of your couzin, beyond that conveyed by the cold and sneaking phrase,—

\* *Mellis verborum globuli*, Petr. Arb. See also P. of L. page 224. 14th Ed.

“ He’s an honest Tobacconist.” And, most assuredly, this tribute is not of more ample dimensions than what is strictly merited by the habits of my life. For although I affect not an integrity more rigid than my neighbours, yet I can lay my hand on my heart and swear upon that altar, that I never yet condescended either to soak my shag, nor to adulterate, by a single handful, those “ pungent grains of titillating dust” which it is at once the pride and the pleasure of my life to deal out, in virgin purity, and with an obsequious bend from behind the counter [Heaven bless, as they sneeze, and multiply the snuff-takers!] to the welcome solicitations of my customers. But, Tom, I was not born on the first of April; and though you are a cunning dog;—yet (thanks to a little mother wit) you are not too cunning for the sagacity of him whom you thought of entrapping, without a given consent, into the accomplishment of your wishes. With joy and alacrity I should have paid you the homage of a brimming heart, had I not discovered that your jewels of praise were counterfeit, and that the jeweller himself was little better than an arrant cheat. The little bird of which I

‘ *Pope’s Rape of the Lock.*

spoke has told me of the hubbub that pervades the whole compass of your neighbourhood, in a world of a mile square—of the spirit of inquisitiveness that has once again been quickened into a strong and bustling activity by the death of Sir Philip<sup>c</sup>, and by the commentaries of the stirring family of Pamphleteers, Reviewers, and Newspaper-editors, upon his claim to those title-deeds of renown, which an unequivocal establishment of authenticity as the writer of the LETTERS in question, would immediately confer. It has been blabbed also to me *ex adytis*, and from no ambiguous oracle, that your coterie of blue-stocking belles, with that spirit of enlightened curiosity so proverbially dominant in *them*, and from which I hope they will never depart, have caught and sped onward this mania for investigation—that amongst other tidings blown abroad by the “two trumpets<sup>h</sup>” of Fame they have caught *that* rumour which ascribes to *me* the honour of having been appointed the sole depositary of a secret that has now, for just half a century, perplexed

<sup>c</sup> Sir Philip Francis, K. B.—*Ultimus Romanorum*; or the last of those who have been identified with JUNIUS, in his Roman signature and apparel.

<sup>h</sup> Two trumpets she doth sound at once,  
But both of clean contrary tones; &c. &c. HUDIBRAS.



the world—that in a “pliant hour,” as Othello has it, they have patted you on the back, and with “candied tongue” encouraged you to send the casket of sugarplumbs now before me, and to catch me, like a trout, under the gills, with a view of wheedling away from my heart’s core the mystery that has hitherto dwelt in that inmost sanctuary, in sacred and unuttered seclusion. But, Tom!—*homo sum—humani nihil à me alienum puto*—and I freely forgive you this attempt upon the credulity of my self-love;—nay more:—for the sake of those enchanting intriguers in the Committee of *cærulean hose* by whom you are surrounded, and who prompted the application of the probe which you have so gracefully wielded, I will at once acknowledge to *you* and to *them* that their surmises upon this teeming subject are no baseless visions—that, by a chain of occurrences the most extraordinary that the fortuitous concourse of the dancing atoms ever hooked together, it was my fate to catch the dying breath of JUNIUS—that his last words bequeathed to me a distinct acknowledgment in respect to those LETTERS, consecrated to immortality by his genius, (and which my wife playfully characterises as embalming

gossamer topics in language of adamant<sup>1</sup>;) and that my bosom is, accordingly, at this moment, the sole proprietor of that bequest! It will be a sprig of laurel not unworthy, I would hope, of being worn in the cap of my couzin, if, on the present occasion, I make him the channel of a disclosure to the Public, which, I am well aware, that Public will receive with open arms, with enthusiasm, and the uplifted eyes of wonder.

All the world knows, that, while JUNIUS was yet living, or rather was alive in his correspondence; and even from the very moment when, *suadente diabolo*, he first made his hyæna-spring upon all that was elevated in rank and character,—when he threw each particular constituent of his Majesty's Administration into a shudder that shot through the blood—all the world knows, that the question of authenticity has been intrenched in the deepest secrecy, and that the lynx-eyed vigilance of his immediate adversaries superadded to the concentrated curiosity and sagacious noses of the whole literary Republic, has striven in vain to thread the tangled copse and unearth the delinquent. Ever

<sup>1</sup> "His heart [Mr. Fox's] was as soft as a woman's—his language was adamant." MR. GRATTAN.

since the immortal *cors et crie* after Mr. Alderman Whittington's cat, there has been no hunt that has required or produced keener sportsmen. During the period in which the Letters were in a course of publication, it is scarcely in the power of language to convey an adequate conception of the intense and eager curiosity that was felt and cherished in regard to the Author of them. Sir William Draper, more especially, stung to the quick, and writhing with mental anguish, occasioned, not so much, perhaps, by the nettlewhip of his tyrant's satire, and the knout that fell with such unrelenting severity on the back of the Manilla ransom, as from the discovery [after he himself had thrown down the glove of defiance] of his antagonist's superior prowess in eloquence, in powers of argument and of Attic wit, would have gladly given half his fortune to have found out his hiding place, and to have fought him in another field, where

The air-drawn dagger, by which thousands bleed<sup>k</sup>,

POPE.

might have been exchanged for more *material*

<sup>k</sup> "It is his impersonality that I complain of, and his invisible attacks; for his *dagger in the air* is only to be regarded because one cannot see the hand that holds it, &c." Sir W. Draper to Junius, Letter iv.

weapons. But curiosity by no means died on the political and literary death of the satirist; neither was the inquisitorial spirit with respect to the personal identity of JUNIUS buried in that tomb. Years and ages after he had ceased to inflict his burning lashes, and to peal his thunder in the ears of his quailing victims, the hunt was pursued. Without the respite of a twelvemonth's duration, the halloo and gallant hark-away sprung up from every covert; and challenges upon false scents were made in such numbers that arithmetic at full speed could scarcely overtake them. Although the goal was never reached, yet the chace, for ever animated by the exhilarating thunder of the hounds, was, like the eloquence of the empirical tyrant in his tub<sup>1</sup>,

Ever ending—still beginning. **Pope.**

A host of giants, in all the native panoply of their Typhœan strength, headed by Chatham; Burke, and Dunning, and gradually tapering into such comparative pigmies as Hugh Boyd and Dr. Wilmot, have successively been led by

<sup>1</sup> Lord North, in one of his speeches, called JUNIUS "the great boar of the wood who had broke through the toils and foiled all the hunters." See Woodfall's Junius, Prel. Ess. pag. 6.

the misguided zeal of their respective partizans into the field of competition ; and they have entered it, just as Martial represents Cato to have entered the Roman theatre—" *ut exirent.*" Each such pretension has vanished into thin air, and become the shadow of a shade—an empty whim, and a fanciful nothing :

Airy dreams

Sat for the picture ; and the Author's hand  
Imparting substance to an empty shade  
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.

COWPER'S TASK, b. iv.

To none of *them*, accordingly, has the decision of the public tossed the apple of glory ; yet still the candidates are of Hydra growth, and [as my youngest son suggests in his pedantic way] are cater-couzins of Proserpine's golden bough, of which the Mantuan tells us, that, "*uno avulso non deficit alter*."<sup>m</sup> Mr. Woodfall in the Preliminary Essay of his large and elaborate edition of JUNIUS has jumped cursorily over the whole field of controversy ; and has run his sword through many heroes, who up to the hour

<sup>m</sup> You will be delighted to learn that this hemistich from the 6th Æneid was adopted, at my earnest solicitation, as his family motto, by the late Chevalier Ruspini, the eminent Dentist.



of that publication had maintained a sort of litigated claim to be considered, individually, the authors of his LETTERS. But upon their funeral pile, he erects no edifice of his own. *Diruit*—I cannot add the word *ædificat*. Never did a *conclusion* more *truly inconclusive* proceed from any man in the armour of an accredited name; and at the close of his lame and most unsatisfactory survey, one is tempted to exclaim with Demipho in the play, after the opinion of his three lawyers—*Incertior sum multo, quam dudum*<sup>a</sup>.

Some time ago, too, those legitimate children of Procrustes—those scorpions in criticism—those ruffians with dark lanthorns which contain just light enough to shew them the way to murder other people, THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS, joined in full cry the mob of conjectures, and lent a crutch to the posthumous claims of Leonidas Glover°. But I laughed in my sleeve when I read their erring, though self-sufficient assumption; and proudly hugged the conviction to my heart that by this act of generosity to a *dead* friend [for it is a cardinal article of their critical creed and oath never to praise

<sup>a</sup> Ter. Phormio, act. ii. sc. 3.

° Ed. Rev. vol. xxii. pag. 483.

the *living* !] they had added one more to the number of ingenious mistakes upon this prolific speculation, and crippled their own reputation for sagacity by such ludicrous pretension to be considered as the resurrection-men of the deceased and eloquent satirist. No changes of the moon, however, were ever more numerous or more inconstant than the vicissitudes of their faith. For after the lapse of only two short years, this diadem of immortality was cast aside; and discarding the presumptions and probabilities by which their former problem was sustained, they come again into the arena, and put forth all their powers of special pleading [that *Chinese shoe* of the mind] and of sophistical argumentation, with the view of clothing the name of Sir Philip Francis<sup>p</sup> with this shifting honour, and of installing him upon that throne, from which, owing to the revolution in their own opinions, Glover was now compelled to abdicate. The veteran Knight startles with unutterable surprise at the laurel crown so officiously provided for his temples—

*Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma—*

VIRG. GEORG.

but goes to his grave, I fear, without possessing

<sup>p</sup> Ed. Rev. vol. xxix. pag. 102. *et seq.*

magnanimity enough to make a formal abjuration of all right of proprietorship in these *blue ribbands* of literature. Who may be the next *élève* or candidate for those ribbands—who is next to be introduced to the gaze and astonishment of the community, and to have this amaranth of glory forcibly bound upon his brow by these *Gentlemen Ushers* of the North, I pretend not to determine—having no claim to the gift of *second sight*, which, I am told, is *their* exclusive monopoly. I will not, however, dissemble from you *the susurrated imputation* [as Johnson would have said] that has gone forth respecting the Editor<sup>a</sup> of this work ;

<sup>a</sup> *My conquest, in the present field, over this Jupiter tonans in the empire of Criticism is a mere bagatelle, and has no merit. But if I had been blessed with an Academical education, and possessed the honour (and such I truly should consider it) of a personal acquaintance with the celebrated Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, I would venture upon the freedom of suggesting a motto (though nothing can exceed the cleverness which he himself has displayed in that very subordinate department of the controversy) for the next edition of his THREE most triumphant Replies, in behalf of his own University, to the sophists and calumniators of the Edinburgh Review :*

TERNA ARMA MOVENDA :

TER letho sternendus erat ; cui tunc tamen OMNES

ABSTULIT HÆC ANIMAS DEXTRA, et totidem exuit armis !

*Æneid. lib. viii. v. 566.*

and which ascribes these fanciful theories to a hoaxing vein in *him*, for the purpose of tickling the public appetite by so strange and novel a whim, and of giving, thereby, fresh wings of circulation to a work, justly depressed in the esteem of the world by its sneers at religion, and its unblushing attachment to the pestilent Ethics of Bentham, Hume, and Co. But whether serious or counterfeit, the guesses and surmises of *that* school upon this ænigma are of no value—

*Ibi omnis*

Effusus labor—

VIRG. GEORG.

and such polemics might as profitably employ their time in ploughing the air—in shaving an egg—in making clothes for fishes—or on any other *Sisyphean* item in the diary of the *operosè nihil agens*'. To ME then—dearest Tom!—to ME exclusively and alone is given the absorb-

\* One is surprised to find that Mr. Perry, who, in his own judgment, is himself a bloodhound of unfailing scent in pursuit of the vermin of imposture, has been driven, *inter alios*, into a quagmire of error by these *Borealia Flamina*. The following extract is made from the leading article in his paper on the death of Sir P. Francis: "The article on this subject in the Edinburgh Review seemed to put the question at rest, and all farther public debate about the matter." *Morn. Chron.* Dec. 25, 1818.

D

ing gratification and high renown of lifting up this hitherto impenetrable veil of political mystery; and into your bosom shall the prison-house treasure be poured!—But, unhappily, this preliminary flourish has spread itself over so wide a surface, that the key which unlocks the secret must be reserved for a second Letter; though I am aware that your heart-strings are already quivering on tenter-hooks of suspense, and that you are breathless with impatience for the promised peep<sup>s</sup>. I know your sanguine and ebullient temperament; and I am more than half-afraid lest your spirits, always buoy-

<sup>s</sup> See a miniature painting of Junius and a full-length picture of Horne Tooke, executed with equal gracefulness, and fidelity to truth, in the Quart. Rev. vol. vii. page 373; and communicated, if I am not greatly mistaken, by a gentleman not more distinguished by high rank than by genius, eloquence, and the richness of his acquisitions in classical literature, as well as by a generous enthusiasm for talents, learning, and virtue in other men;—and these, let me say, united with political firmness tempered by moderation, and a dignified correctness, and purity of demeanour in private life, are some of the stoutest bulwarks of preservation, which the Aristocracy of this realm, in these our fearful times, can build around them against the savage, “subterranean wind” of a levelling jacobinism, and the “blasts from Hell” of an infidel philosophy:

*Injurioso ne pede prorsus*

*STANTEM COLUMNAM! HOR. Od. lib. i. 35. 13.*

ant and insubmergible, should be sublimated, under the stimulant now administered, into an unruly joy and a perilous fever of the blood. Allow me therefore, though unadorned by a Diploma, to recommend in your case a pursuance of that "anti-phlogistic regimen", which a very eminent quack prescribed to a modern philosopher, in the crisis of his disorder. Don't be shy of febrifuges and jalop. Flinch not from a little cupping and the frequent application of cantharides to the crown of the head. Let Snowball, the little negro-boy, fan you continually, and ventilate your throbbing temples. Give the lancet no sinecure; and it will do you no harm if the sanguinivorous leeches also feed heartily at your expence. Let *potio purg. quotidie sumend:* be the established order of the day, in *your* Body-Corporate, until the arrival of my next;—and always dine upon barley water. So shall your rampant imagination be tamed, and the blood ~~that~~ riots in your veins be sobered;—and in a day or two, the cup of hope shall reach the lip, and you shall be "lapt in Elysium".

\* Edinburgh Review, vol. i. p. 26.

° Milton's *Comus*.

Before making, however, my parting bow on the present occasion, allow me to borrow a hint from the Earl of Chesterfield's favourite principle of *apropos de bottles* in correspondence with his friends ; and to add a word or two on the subject of our hero, and one of the most distinguished of his adversaries.—Burns, whose better judgment was often obscured by the quickness of his feelings, and the magnifying cloud of an indignant anger<sup>x</sup>, in portraying, in one of his letters, the character of a person who had violently offended him, has drawn all the darker features of JUNIUS with as much accuracy as if he had sat for the portrait. “ In him,” says he, “ bigotry, malevolence, envy, self-conceit, were all strongly bound together in a massy frame of brazen impudence. To such a shield humour is the peck of a sparrow, and satire the popgun of a schoolboy.” But I have the happiness of corresponding occasionally with a most enchanting *savante* residing in that fairy-land of the gossips, Richmond, who is mistress of many of the *oligies* and preeminently gifted with that *fleur d'esprit* which is

<sup>x</sup> Ὡς δι' ὀμυχῆς τὰ σαρμάτα καὶ δι' ὀργῆς τὰ πρᾶγματα μιζοῖα φαίνεται. Plutarch.

<sup>y</sup> Works, vol. v. p. 107.

the mental bloom of the whole sex; and she always more concisely calls our anonymist—*the man in the BRAZEN mask*; in contradistinction to another apocryphal personage, who has baffled, in an almost equal degree, the scrutiny of inquisitive minds. It was Burke, I think, who declared in conversation, that his style was “*the corrosive sublimate of mercury.*” Being, however, myself a perfect antediluvian in my passion for simplicity, I prefer the unvarnished and more intelligible terms by which that “unfrocked Grammarian,” and [*pace*<sup>2</sup> *Burdettian*!] lineal descendant from the Gracchi, the late Mr. Horne Tooke, described this terrible champion, as “a skulking assassin, who shot his arrows out of the windows in the dark<sup>a</sup>.” Of all the perplexities contrived by the riddle-makers in this controversy, not one has been more amusing and fantastic than that which has ascribed the letters of JUNIUS to Mr. Tooke. To say nothing of the heavy

<sup>2</sup> Sir Francis must forgive me, if I say of him, and of all the plusquàm-perfecti of Patriotism, that they are counterparts of the Tribunes at Rome, as described by the Historian.—*Ferè semper reguntur à multitudine magis quàm regunt.* LIV. lib. iv. 71.

<sup>a</sup> See his second letter to Junius.



impeachment conveyed by such an hypothesis against his moral character; all suspicion of such a nature must surely be disarmed, when one recollects that [to mention only one amid several considerations which occur on the same side of the question,] although to an inimitable ease [*coulant de source*, as the French well express it] in his style of writing, he added shrewdness of observation, promptitude, subtlety, adroitness, and a great power of sarcasm; yet you will be unable to find, in any one of his compositions, the austere graces, the brilliant and embroidered periods, the elaborate elegance and trim propriety which characterize the pen of JUNIUS<sup>b</sup>. —But as you doat upon an anecdote, I will quit these threadbare generalities, and try to tickle

<sup>b</sup> I cannot, however, in my estimate of the powers of Junius, carry him to that pinnacle of renown upon which he has been placed by the Author of the P. of L. who considers him as “a legitimate English classic,” and the equal of Tacitus and Livy, p. 119. To account for this exorbitant *éloge*, it may be natural, perhaps, and a sort of professional duty, for one biting satirist to cherish and extol the operations of a brother in the same trade; just as, upon something like the same principle of attachment, the Commentaries and Campaigns of Cæsar were elevated into the honour of becoming the *exclusive* study of the celebrated Condé:—*Les camps de César firent son étude. Orui. Fun. par Bossuet.*

you with something a little more specific.—In the spring of 1803, in company with two of my friends, I paid a visit to this philosopher and politician at his Wimbledon Tusculum. On our introduction, he was reading an Italian work—he wore a red nightcap on his head—his lower extremities were muffled in flannel; and during the whole of our stay, he fed his nose with pinches of snuff—huge and frequent. He received us with open arms, and put us immediately at our ease. I thought him at all points of companionable entertainment most delightful. His eye was eloquent and very animated; and (though I little expected to find it so) I thought that his countenance wore an aspect not only of cheerful benevolence, but of calmness and retirement. We were all unanimous in admiring the social lustre of his mind; and the frankness, vivacity, and graceful goodhumour of his manners. He answered all our questions (and they were not a few) with the most kindhearted readiness; and with equal promptitude entertained us by several anecdotes relative to the eminent characters with whom he had been connected in life—particularly Lord Thurlow, Fox, Parr, Godwin; and his immediate neighbour at Wimbledon.

the late Viscount Melville. I will make you a present of two of his little stories; and you shall have them very nearly in the words which he himself made use of; for on the day after my return from his house, I made in my diary a pretty copious memorandum of our visit, and with as much accuracy as a memory, not remarkable for its tenaciousness, would permit. The one, I think, serves to illustrate in his demeanour a perfect self-control and mastery over the angry passions, under circumstances of much provocation;—the other is a specimen of that terrible strength in sarcastic retort with which he was so signally gifted. It also sets forth the deeply-rooted dislike [of which, indeed, we had many other proofs, in the course of his conversation] which he cherished against the person and character of Mr. Sheridan.

*Anecdote the first.*

Mr. Tooketold us, that the *δαμνα δαυμαστοτον* of the literary world, the late professor Porson, had used to be a frequent visitor at Wimbleton. “But for some few years last past, said he, I have had no intercourse with him. The last visit he paid me was a most extraordinary one. It was a dinner party; and, surrounded.

by my friends, I sat at the head of the table. Porson was amongst the number; and was, as usual, very chatty, pleasant, and goodhumoured, until a certain period of the evening, when he committed the most abominable outrage that hospitality ever felt. He had shewn no soreness or displeasure whatever at the topics in conversation; when, impelled by some motive I could never explain, he on a sudden rose from his seat, and, holding his glass in his hand, addressed me in these words—"I will give you, Sir, in a bumper toast, the health of the most detestable character in the whole world—John Horne Tooke!" At this time he was flushed with wine, though his senses were by no means overset by it. My friends and myself expostulated with him on the indecency of his behaviour, with all possible good temper and complacency. But in vain. He pursued a strain of the most vulgar abuse and invective against my principles and conduct in political life. I teased him a little by my rapier in reply—but kept myself quite cool in temper, and steadily on my guard. He still went on adding grossness to grossness, and scurrility to scurrility. I then went round to the chair in which he was sitting, and desired him to feel the muscles of

E

my right arm. He felt them. I then drew up my leg, and desired him to feel and discover, if he could, whether *that* had any muscular energy. He did so. "Now, Sir, said I, you find that I can both *strike* and *kick*; and if you do not hold your tongue, I will first knock you down, and afterwards kick you out of my house." This menace silenced him; but he still kept his seat, drank a great deal more wine, became very drunk, and was finally packed up, late at night, in a post-chaise, and driven home to his lodgings in Town.—From that time to this, I have never seen him<sup>c</sup>."

<sup>c</sup> If a Tobacconist might be permitted to assume for one moment a grave and didactic air, I would say a word or two, by way of apology, for introducing this anecdote to the public eye. I am no friend to the indulgence of uncharitable feelings with respect to the illustrious dead. I have no desire whatever to fledge the arrows of a malignant slander against their memories and their well-earned reputation. On the other hand, I admire as much as any one can do, Mr. Kidd's spirited vindication of his friend, (a vindication, that confers honour on the generous and grateful feelings of his heart,) against the too indiscriminate rebukes of a female writer; whose astonishing talents, combined with the most unaffected and elevated piety, deservedly impart great influence to her decisions. In behalf of ALL her writings, in my humble judgment, "an angel might have given the imprimatur;"—as Mrs. Montague beautifully said with reference to that lump of wisdom, *Rasselas*. Any anecdote, however, that

*Anecdote the second.*

“ Shortly, said Mr. Tooke, after I had published my *Two pair of Portraits, of two Fathers*

illustrates the debasement and derision which Porson drew around his character by his shocking addiction to excessive drinking is not without its value, as a warning voice. Without stopping to determine whether his peculiar genius ought to be considered the first and proudest of intellectual supremacies; yet, unquestionably we beheld in him a prodigy of such parts, that his claims to be considered as a most consummate Critic and Scholar were built, in the unanimous opinion, not of his countrymen only, but of every kindred spirit throughout Europe, on a rock of adamant, and defied all competition; and he was therefore, on this account, both qualified and privileged to be at once the ornament and instructor of every well educated circle. Yet it is painful and humiliating to think, that, to such a depth was he plunged in his besetting sin, and so frequent as well as offensive were the outrages into which it conducted him, that he was altogether excommunicated from the society of numerous gentlemen and scholars, who, under other circumstances, would have rejoiced in the diffusion of his mind: and even in more tolerant circles, and where the ban of interdiction had not gone forth against him, after a certain period of the evening, he was sometimes held to be a nuisance, and sometimes turned into a laughing-stock and a football of contempt. It is matter both of sorrow and surprise with me, that the friends and panegyrists of Mr. Porson should not have expressed a deeper feeling of regret and of displeasure at this deplorable anomaly in his character. Mr. Kidd's gentle notice of these systematic habits of drunkenness is conveyed in the following words: “ He had “ one failing, but he was so great a man that I shall soon

*and two Sons*, I met Sheridan, who said to me with a saucy, satirical air, "So! Sir, you

"forget what it was." Preface to *Tracts, &c.* by the late Richard Porson, Esq. p. xxviii. The spots on the sun's disk, no doubt, should be hidden and lost in the glory of his beams;—but should we not close the pit of error whenever we are able to do so?—especially where there is the influence of so powerful an example to beckon the unwary into it. Nothing therefore, I think, can be more mistaken, and generally speaking more mischievous, than to employ the coarse whitewashing brush of adulation instead of the discriminating pencil of truth in the portraiture of any characters of high renown, and of influence as exemplars for the formation of rising minds. The faults of such men should be distinctly marked, and an emphatic seal of reprobation set upon them. Neither should the consideration of great intellectual gifts, and classical attainments intercede to soften the rebuke; because, in truth, they aggravate the delinquency. "A SCHOLAR OUGHT TO BE A GENTLEMAN; HE OUGHT TO HAVE HIS MANNERS AND HIS DISPOSITION HUMANIZED BY THE STUDIES IN WHICH HE IS ENGAGED, &c." See Dr. Butler's Letter to Mr. Blomfield, p. 55. Above all, it should be shewn that their vices have no sort of *necessary connection* with their merits; and that they are the diseased excrescences and not the genuine and healthy fruit of the tree. For want of this moral discernment, many a scatter-brained nincompoop, "blazing out his youth and his health [as Johnson says of Rochester] in lavish voluptuousness"—many a sauntering doll in Bond Street, bankrupt in intellect, and filling up, in his talk, every vacuity of sense with an oath, has fancied himself more than half a Charles Fox, because he has duly endeavoured, and succeeded in that endeavour, to imitate his prototype in his gambling and other irregulari-

are the Reverend gentleman, I am told, who sometimes amuses himself in drawing portraits."

—"Yes, Sir! I *am* that gentleman; and if you will do me the favour of sitting to me for yours, I will take it so faithfully, that even you yourself shall shudder at it!"

And now, my dear Tom, good-night, and fare thee well. Mrs. Oronoko desires her compliments, and a kiss of affectionate remembrance to the little *olive-branches* of your domestic fireside:

To all and each a fair good-night,  
And rosy dreams and slumbers light!

WALTER SCOTT.

Ever most faithfully  
and affectionately yours,  
Æ. O.

ties. The same also in regard to Porson; as a spirited living Poet has well expressed it:—

The fool uncombed and washed but once a week,  
Thinks Porson's lice can give him Porson's Greek.

HODGSON.

[Many of my readers, perhaps, will think that this note, like the nettles on the Monk's tomb in Sterne, should be "brushed away," and has "no business here." And I ought to add, that a part of it was contributed by me to a periodical publication a few years ago.]





## LETTER II.

HIDE YOUR DIMINISHED HEADS! \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  THE SUN IS OUT!

Milton.

MY DEAR TOM ;

MY pen is a romp so wanton and capricious, that I often strive hard to put the curb on her eccentricities, and to tame, *quakerize*, and harmoniously adjust the expression of my thoughts ; but the hoyden will for ever run out into harlequinade, and emulate the vagrancies of the truant schoolboy, in his ramble after a bird's nest. On the present occasion, however, I shall pursue my object with an undeviating step, and jump at once "*in medias res*." I have heard with frantic delight of the eager curiosity excited by my *avant Courier*, especially in the breasts of that *coterie scientifique* in the para-

\* A Sappho of the sisterhood, "*herissée partout de Grec*," [Boileau,] and who was at once "*la plus savante des belles*" "*et la plus belle des savantes*" which is Madame de Genlis' picture of the Duchesse d'Estampes [De l'influence des femmes

dise of whose smiles you delight to bask. Many of them, I am covertly told, are over head and ears in Cupid's bucket with me already, and lament, with tears in their eyes and water in their mouths, that I am a Benedict beyond redemption! I dare not, however, even whisper this flattering secret of female fondness to Mrs. Oronoko, who exercises, as every wife ought to exercise, a lofty prerogative, and an eye of terrifying exactions in her own house; where, indeed, I cannot consider myself as any thing more than a mere lodger, and a most exemplary *Jerry Sneak* in servility of resignation to her omnipotent controul<sup>b</sup>. No *conjugal carte and tierce* is ever heard under *this* roof;—my angel for the most part issuing her words of command in a voice that emulates in harmony the music of the spheres, and turns obedience into a blessing;—though, *sometimes*, I admit, it *is* a little more loud and *thrasonical* than becometh the *Æolian breathings* of a

&c.] once asked Doctor George of Eton, how he liked her Latin verses?—"Madam," replied Orbilius, "I should have "whipped you for 'em!"

<sup>b</sup> "Ring the bells for the wedding," said I, exuberant in joy, and half-bewildered by love, immediately after the nuptial knot had been tied: "Rather *wring* your hands!" replied my cynical friend.

female voice\*. I am often *compelled* to think of the good and affectionate little creature who married a monster from BROBDINAG—of herculean strength and colossal stature. Women, we have been told, are born to smooth our cares, as well as our linen; but *her* temper is the concentrated essence of malice<sup>d</sup>, and her

\* I once thought that Hymen had been a recruiting-officer, universally popular;—but never shall I forget the satirical squib that was popped into my key hole, the day after my marriage, by a malicious wit and a brother Tobacconist: Here it is;

L'Hymen parut un jour a la cour de Cythere,  
On le hua;  
Mais le Dieu courroucé saisit l'amour son frere,  
Et le tua!

<sup>d</sup> The reason assigned by M. Desmahis (under the Article *Femme*, and contributed by him to the Encyclopédie) for the existence of a spirit of female vindictiveness and cruelty is very ingenious, but I am sorry to add, rather ungallant: “Les femmes sont vindicatives. Les plus foibles, les plus simples, et les plus timides doivent être cruels: c’est la loi générale de la Nature, qui dans tous les êtres sensibles proportionne le ressentiment au danger.”—I never dare mention the name of this Author in the presence of Mrs. Oronoko. Yet, though I almost worship the Assemblies of petticoat philosophy, he has given us a picture of them so *prettily satirical*, that I could not help getting it by heart;—

Ces petits aréopages  
On l’on voit présider quelque antique beauté,  
Qui, rassemblant de petits personnages,

F

nails are of inordinate length. I have heard her even before company, and when, dispensing the honours of the table in her own house, oftentimes call him, in a most sneering and satirical vein; *the humming bird of human nature—the page and train-bearer upon Court and Gala days to the pug-dog and guinea-pig families—and an octodecimo edition of the Dunciad*. I have seen her swing him in the air, and balance him in her arm with greater facility than that with which Kemble, as Rolla, used to balance the child in Pizarro. At other times, in a hurricane of passion and by the ministry of a most masculine fist, she would launch forth the most sinewy of arms, and floor him, *à l'amiable*, by an *ictus fulmineus*, that might well have added another laurel to the Olympic chaplet of MENDOZA. More than this: for with that spirit of injustice which brings to one's mind the judicial throne of Rhadamanthus<sup>e</sup> and the inverted system of his executive, she habitually inflicts the blow with-

Recueillant de petits suffrages,  
Et s'appesantissant sur de petits ouvrages,  
Croit dicter les arrêts de la postérité !

ŒUV. DIVERS. p. 136.

<sup>e</sup> *Castigatque auditque dolos, &c. ÆN. vi. v. 567.*

out any previous expostulation, any judgment assigned, or verdict awarded; though sometimes, indeed, when her arm is fatigued, and her nails a little blunted by exercise, the *reason why*, or plea of justification, [like a little saltpetre, after the halberts, upon a galled and wincing back,] very condescendingly attempts to limp in at the tail of the discipline, and with a very animated tongue for its interpreter. By way, also, of recompence for his misdirected goodnature in rescuing her from the bleak and Decemberly state of widowhood, she wrote the following Epithalamium upon that event, and circulated it, with a most malicious industry and with wings of lightning, throughout the neighbourhood :—

I have a little husband no bigger than my thumb,  
I stuck him in the mustard pot and there I bade him  
drum ;

I've bought him a little handkerchief to wipe his  
little nose,

And a pair of little garters to tie his little hose ;  
Should there come a battle-storm, I'll send him to  
the field,

With a needle for his dagger-blade and a thimble for  
his shield ;

Should they catch him in a mousetrap, they'll whip  
him o'er the knee,

F 2

Or crack him 'twixt their thumb nails, just as you  
crack a flea ;

Or should they chance to roast the shrimp, [oh !  
terrible mishap !]

They'll find him not a stomach-full,—he would but  
make a snap ;

But should he not be caught or crack'd, then let him  
sue some silly slut,

And he shall be the pigmy King and she the Queen  
of LILLIPUT !

Some years ago I purchased and brought  
home a poem, entitled—Trinculo's Trip to the  
Jubilee—and read it aloud (as my custom is) to  
Mrs. Oronoko. All went on very smoothly  
until I came to the following passage :

Oh ! the " ear-piercing fife,"  
And the ear-piercing wife !—

I was just *beginning to stop* for the purpose of  
making an indignant comment upon this shame-  
fully lampooning couplet. But Mrs. Oronoko  
was beforehand with me. She jumped up

" I am quite sure, that it could not have been more than  
three months after his marriage, when this most amiable,  
and *Socratically* tolerant husband, received in a letter dated  
CAPE HORN, the following flagitious parody :

Heu ! miserande puer, si quæ fata aspera rumpas,  
Tu CORNUTUS eris !

ÆNEID, lib. vi.

from her *chair*, or rather from her *lair*, with a tyger's leap, and in a high gale of wind—snatched the volume out of my hand—and instantly committed it to the custody of that safest of all Critics, Vulcan.

But these vixen pets and feuds of temper are mere April showers, and sunshine immediately ensues. No sooner do they blow over than I drink a caudle-cup of Lethe to all that has passed, and am generous enough to deprecate an eye on the back of the head. In spite, therefore, of my Xantippe's prudery and her eye of jealous vigilance over innocent attentions to other ladies, it is a determination, which—as Benedict says, “fire shall not melt out of me”—not to suffer these lovely enthusiasts of my pen to gasp one moment longer with the thirst of Tantalus;—and I have accordingly resolved, that neither blackberries on one side of the road, nor hazel nuts on the other, shall have power to fascinate me from the direct line of march which I now proceed to traverse with the rectilinear precision of a steeple hunter.

Some few years ago, when I fulfilled the duties of *Gentleman Traveller*, or, (as I have heard this shop-errant character unhandsomely lampooned on the north of the Tweed,) *spread-*



*eagle-man*, to the firm in which I have now the honour to be a sleeping partner, my circuit of orders led me into a small town on the coast of Hampshire. I observed with horror that the landlord of my favourite inn, instead of those rosy gills and that paradise of smiles which were wont to animate his congratulations upon my arrival, wore a countenance that was a fiddle in point of longitude, and the *fac simile* of a peeled orange, or of a delicately boiled chicken, in the sickly paleness of its complexion; and in reality this exterior but too accurately portrayed the mourning of his heart. He told me in a voice interrupted by sobs and convulsions of sorrow, that an elderly gentleman was upon his death-bed in the house—that his agonizing condition was embittered by the absence of all his friends—that he was laden with a heavy secret of the soul, and panted to unbosom himself—that—but I precipitately checked his tragic generalities, and, as I always, dearest Tom, [to repeat it once again,] wear Terence's prescription for benevolence, conveyed in that immortal line, *Humani nil a me alienum puto*, as a bandage round my heart, I rushed instinctively, under the wing of Boniface, into the sick man's chamber. Death seemed armed *de pié*

*en cap*, and to frown upon us with triumphant pride as we entered; for one entire moiety of the room was crowded with all those implements and apparatus of the apothecary, which may well be called unerring sharpshooters of the grim tyrant, and this *forlorn hope* was headed in funeral procession by the pestle and mortar, the music of which I always consider as a prologue to the passing bell <sup>a</sup>. With tiptoe

<sup>a</sup> Each shakes his loaded noddle with the other,  
And brother gravely smells his cane with brother.

*Battle of the Wigs*, part ii. 1768.

I have the pleasure of knowing an eminent Apothecary who is bringing up his eldest son to his own profession, but, with a discreet forecast, as he ingenuously acknowledges and expresses it, of the close union that always *must* subsist between the two trades, he has bound his youngest boy apprentice to an Undertaker. My nephew, too, who has just been squirted through the *little go* at the University of Oxford, and has *now* a little time at command for correspondence with his near relations, writes me word of a silly sarcasm current amongst the undergraduates there, with whom it is a point in comic discussion, whether *more deaths* have been occasioned in the world by *scarlet jackets*, or by *scarlet gowns*.

*Nota bene*: It is a debt due to honour and justice for me to state, that, though I was unable to countersign *all* the doctrines of her letter, Mrs. Oronoko answered by return of post my nephew's favour, and sternly reprobated the illiberal and saucy airs assumed by him against a most useful, benevolent, and enlightened profession:—interdicting him,

delicacy we approached the awful bed upon which was extended the *pauvre malade*, pale, thin, wrinkled by time, and emaciated with sickness: yet, though I am any thing rather than a disciple of Lavater, I thought there was discoverable beneath this frightful mask of the Parcæ a mental illumination, and a speaking character of sagacity, and that, in a word, wit and wisdom, as Churchill admirably expresses it,

Sat couch'd beneath the pent-house of his eye:

PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

But I jump over, with the assent and applause

at the same time, under a penalty of losing *her* favour and his next Michaelmas remittance, [she having a *carte blanche* of authority over my funded and other property,] from reading, for the time to come, the plays of Moliere; whose antimedical prejudices are so many sprigs of withered nightshade [to adopt her own blue-stocking metaphor] in the bay-wreath that encircles his temples. Upon ogling, by a clandestine peep over the shoulder, the words of her postscript, I found her borrowing a hint from Sir Christopher Wren's monumental "*Circumspice*" in St. Paul's Cathedral; and desiring the sarcastic and bantering Charles to *look around* the University, in which he was resident, for the best refutation of his idle babble against the medical profession. In this part I saw very distinctly the names of WALL, BOURNE, WILLIAMS, KIDD, GROSVENOR, TUCKWELL, HITCHINGS, &c. &c. In this *finale* I fully acquiesced; and it accordingly was honoured by my sign manual and seal of approbation.

of the enchantresses around you', those icicles

' Though, as I well know, you are the prince Prettyman of favourites, a second petted Richardson in the circle of literary ladies, and a sort of *Julium sidus*, around whom the *stellæ minores* of the other sex revolve in graceful homage; yet, forgive me, if, for the sake of the uninitiated in the mysteries of this amiable intercourse, I give you the derivation of *Bas Bleu*, as it has been communicated to us by one of the most amiable and certainly the most learned of the whole sisterhood,—though, (by the way) I have infinite respect for the mental endowments of that “petticoated Semivir,” Madame de Staël:—“Dress was so little regarded in our circles, that a foreign gentleman who was to go there with an acquaintance was told in jest that it was so little necessary, that he might appear there, if he pleased, in *blue stockings*. This he understood in the literal sense, and when he spoke of it in French, called it the *Bas Bleu* meeting. And this was the origin of the ludicrous appellation of the Blue stocking Club, since given to those meetings.” *Memoirs of Mrs. E. Carter*, vol. i. p. 466.

☞ When I read this note to Mrs. and Miss Orozoko, [in obedience to the imperative nod of my wife,] and had arrived at the words *Julium sidus*, &c. the latter giggled in derision; while the former set up a shrill and inexpressibly contemptuous whew!—and then rudely added—“*Julium sidus*, indeed;—marry come up!—rather call him a *Sporus*, or Lord Fanny, or better still, a thistle in a nosegay of roses.”—You will be pleased however to hear that I rebuked my daughter's flippancy and sent her out of the room in a bouncing pet: I carried this point in spite of Mama's interference in her behalf; and had courage enough for *once* to hum a tune with a sort of pick-tooth indifference, as she muttered, not loudly but deeply, the words—“wretch”—“cruel”—“mon-

of ceremony which were melted away only by slow and gradual degrees, before he was chafed into that wild flame of affection and of confidence, which ultimately grasped me by the hand, and eloquently expressed a desire that we should be left together in discussion : Boniface was accordingly compelled to withdraw, though he did so with reluctance, and cast a lingering look behind ; for landlords, like the ladies, are possessed of a most laudable curiosity after whispered secrets, and are swallowed up by a "greedy ear," like Desdemona, when listening to the witching and warrior graces of Othello. By a sort of supernatural effort my hero erected his head high upon the pillow—magisterially waved his hand for the bolting of the door, and in a hollow and sepulchral voice, though with a tenderness in the cadence of its tones, that bespoke a lively satisfaction for the eagerness of attention which I manifested, thus addressed me :—" I could find it in my heart," quoth he, " to pour out unto you all the chequered varieties of my life, for you would find them neither

ster"—"mutineer," &c.—But alas ! the *nox intempesta*, or *curtain lecture*, is yet to come ! Was the Mantuan never married, or is his "*intempesta silet nox*" (Georg. lib. i.) a stroke of polished irony ?

ordinary nor unedifying, but alas ! I feel that the tide of life is ebbing fast away, and my decaying strength will allow me to communicate no more than the narrative of that event which has brought me to this bed of thorns ; together with a secret that has long been folded up in the silent recesses of my heart, but which now throbs for utterance and disclosure beyond all further power of mental resistance. For many years it has been the unvaried habit of my life to indulge in a little sea-bathing—a luxury, which, like second courses at dinner, if not *necessary* is yet *agreeable* : but upon my arrival at the coach-office in town to secure a seat in the Southampton mail, I found to my utter confusion that every place had been previously engaged. As I was brooding over my disappointment, and muttering “ curses not loud but deep,” a gentleman dropped in upon a similar errand, and a similar vexation of course ensued. Misfortune, like necessity, is the mother of expedients : his eye met mine, and said or seemed to say—“ Despite upon these lumbering stages—they may serve for the accommodation of gregarious Plebeians, who jostle and jam themselves within like figs in adhesion, or oysters in the barrel ; but let *us two* powder

along, like patricians, in a chaise, and emulate the speed of the mail, when frothed with intelligence from Waterloo."

*Nec mora, sed dicto citius*; we were already on the road, and during the first stage my new acquaintance carried my heart by a *coup de main*. A more fascinating gossip or a tête-à-tête magazine, more irresistible in its attractions, never rattled over the stones nor exhilarated the festivities of the bottle. Never was there poured forth an *épanchement de cœur* more open and unsophisticated than that which animated and fed the commencement of our journey. His genius seemed to have been purposely formed and fitted by Nature to brush away the cobwebs from the brow of care. He had every possible variety of conversational small-change in the pockets of his mind. His spirits were as bounding, and elastic, and eddying as a cork in a mill-stream. His laugh was the laugh of the heart;—so genuine, so jolly, so impetuous, so echoing, that it *must* have alarmed the ghost of Lord Chesterfield! No moroseness, no choler, no captiousness, no bile eclipsed, even casually, and for a moment, the unclouded "sunshine of his breast." His tongue—"drop-

"Theirs is the sunshine of the breast." GRAY.

ped manna"—sparkled without intermission, and passed in rapid and playful succession "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and in his colloquial character, at least, this enchanting rattle seemed the counterpart of Dryden's Zimri, and was "every thing by turns and nothing long." So far the adventure was a jubilee of delight,—we sojourned just as amicably as ham and chickens go together—we were chips of the same block—Mercuries of the same wood, and twin-cherries upon the same stock—

But human pleasure, what art thou, in truth?

The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below!

T. CAMPBELL.

Full soon our friendship was shattered in the dust, and felt its death-blow.—I had been accustomed, (and time had ripened the habit into an absolute necessary of life,) to smoke my pipe at a certain hour of the day, and for an inveterate complaint I swallowed in brisk succession sundry pills richly compounded of asafœtida and garlic. The round, oily, wedding countenance of my companion was immediately attenuated to a funereal length, and assumed a boding scowl. Without the slightest disguise he twisted, by incessant jirks, his whole body away



from my elbow—screwed and nestled himself up in his own corner of the chaise, and at length pulled out the peg from his fermenting spleen, and loudly expostulated against the *sava mephitis* of my nostrums and the insupportable horror of my tobacco fumes. I strove at first to assuage his choleric disgust by gentle anodynes. I told him that a pipe had been called by a dragon of wisdom, the “purifying alembic of the brain<sup>s</sup>”—that it would clarify and brighten my wit—that the precept “*ex fumo dare lucem*” was strickly Horatian, and that my regimen accordingly had the sanction of the Augustan age, and was not to be found in Quintilian’s proscribed list of “*ineruditæ voluptates*,” though it might, very possibly, be reprobated by the effeminate fastidiousness and dancing-master graces of a Stanhope.—I added that it would unwrinkle the brow of care and “spread a healing<sup>b</sup> mist before the mind.” I informed him in

<sup>s</sup> If I do not much mistake, I have met with these words so applied, in the Monthly Review; but my memory, which is a perfect sieve, refuses just at present to supply me with the volume and place where they reside.

<sup>b</sup> Oh! ever gracious to perplex mankind,  
And spread a healing mist before the mind.

POPE’S DUNCIAD.

a tornado of impassioned eloquence, that I had once upon a time enjoyed the hyper-superlative distinction of dining in company with that giant of intellect DOCTOR PARR, whose enthusiasm for this lenitive was familiar to all Greece—that within twenty minutes after the cloth had been removed, he converted the dining room into the den of Cacus—

. . . . ingentem fumum, [mirabile dictu,]

Evomit, involvitque domum caligine cæcâ,

Prospectum eripiëns oculis . . . .

ÆN. viii. 251.

—that no Sabæan odours, however, no fogs of perfumed sweets, hovering over the harems of Mahometan sensuality, were ever more fragrant and refreshing—that, accordingly, not one murmur escaped the lip ; but that, *au contraire*, each man present considered and chronicled the day, with all its accompaniments, as a fairy-boon of honour and of compliment, and as forming an indefectible epoch in the red-lettered calendar of his life!—But it was all in vain ;—his anger only thickened upon me, and I then in the fever of my indignant blood assumed another and a haughtier tone—I told him that a partnership in a chaise was taken like a partner for life, for better for worse, and reminded him with a vic-

torious snap of a finger and thumb, that the vehicle was paid for to the end of the journey! For a while he appeared pacified and silent, and I hugged myself in the fond hope that I had effectually thrown a cooling-draught upon all his animosities; but in a short time I observed, with unspeakable surprize, a wild and vivid stare about his eyes, and a singularity in his whole manner; that induced me to intimate, in the softest piano of my voice, a suspicion with respect to the soundness of his health: but he bade me subdue my alarm; true it was, he said, that a few weeks ago he had been bitten by a dog that was outrageously mad—that in obedience to the mandate of the Physician of the Lunatic Asylum, he was now on his way to Southampton to be *dipped*, but that I need not apprehend the most distant danger of attack or seizure from him until he began to bark and snarl. At this moment we turned a sharp angle of the road, and a large pool of water in a neighbouring field came full upon our view: my companion immediately curled his body into the most frightful distortions—his hair was “elfed with knots”<sup>k</sup>—he set up a hideous mas-

<sup>k</sup> “Elf all thy hair with knots.” K. LEAR, act i.

tiff growl, and ground and champed his teeth together, while his red and fiery eyes flashed and rolled to the fullest extent of their orbicular dimensions. This was enough to quail the stoutest heart; I felt the flesh creep upon my bones, and was panic stricken from head to foot. With lightning's speed I burst open the door of the chaise—I jumped out, and desired the post-boy to hasten onwards without caring for me<sup>1</sup>.

My pseudo-maniacal friend tossed my port-manteau after me; and as I was floundering through the mud into which I had been deeply embedded by my precipitate escape, I observed him laughing *a gorge déployée*, and waving his hat in derision from the window of the chaise; and then, as if to convince me that every symp-

<sup>1</sup> I recollect to have picked up in conversation, many years ago, some traditional record of this strange adventure;—but as it was then told, it had no association whatever with the name and pretensions of JUNIUS, and was disfigured, as is usual in such cases, by an infusion of much error and misrepresentation. It having been, however, my singular fate and exclusive good fortune—

—INTEGROS accedere FONTES

Atque HAURIRE—

LUCRET.

so is it now my boast and my ambition to pour out upon a thirsty land, the waters, pure and unpolluted as I received them, from the fountain-head.

H

tom of hydrophobia had subsided, I saw him apply to his lips and swallow in copious libations an excellent bottle of negus which we had agreed to enjoy in partnership, as the playfellow of our journey and the whetstone of our wit<sup>m</sup>. Ludicrous as this adventure may seem—continued the invalid—it has been to me the arrow of death: I was benighted on the road, and the fatigues incurred by struggling to this friendly house brought on a violent cold and a lingering fever, which have baffled all the left-handed skill of those hardy weeds of society, called the Doctors, and at this moment are fast drawing around me the curtains of a long night.—But now, Sir, for the mystery which I promised to develope: my waning strength will admit of no detail or circumlocution, but I beseech you to believe my round, unvarnished declaration, that you now see before you him who has so long

<sup>m</sup> This *biter-bit* adventure of my outwitted hero forcibly reminds me of an ingenious friend, who, having determined to be a match for the pick-pockets, bought a mouse-trap, and in the Box-lobby of Drury Lane deposited it, ready cocked and primed, and with the nicest delicacy, upon the surface of his new and extra-superfine cambric handkerchief: but, as great wits have short memories, the *first rogues* he caught were *his own fingers*.

played at hide and seek with a vainly inquisitive world—the Author of JUNIUS;—and my name, added he, with the sweetest and most touching simplicity, is SUETT THE COMEDIAN!”—Obstupui! steteruntque comæ!—Epimenides, when awakened from his long dream, was but a faint representation of myself at this moment! Speechless and spell-bound and transfixed to the spot with all the agony of amazement, I was the counterpart of obdurate Dido in her subterranean conference with Æneas. I was mute as a knotted oak, and immoveable as a Marpesian rock.—“Yes,” continued he, as he emphatically grasped me with his right hand,—and the damps of death had almost chilled it to a petrefaction—“I AM that meteor of the last generation that has gathered so much renown, and these documents will fix and seal your hesitating faith,—many pangs and compunctious visitings have I felt for all the sinful glories and scalding eloquence of my youthful pen—for having (insignificant as I am, and like a hornet’s tail in the nose of a giant,) screwed down and buried in infamy some of the best and loftiest characters of the age that has passed away;—but in my latter years I have striven, in the best manner I was able, to drop some few opiates upon this

bosom-war of conscience—to amuse, in my character of Comedian, the sons and daughters of those whom I have mangled on the rack of satire,—to patch up a sort of posthumous armistice with them, and to shake, by fits of laughter, all resentment from their breasts, with the farcical frolics of my *Dickey Gossip*.”—Here he suddenly paused, for the energy with which he spoke had overpowered his feeble frame, and soon afterwards, in spite of all my nursing care, he swooned away into the arms of death.—I then examined with breathless impatience the documents he had put into my hands :—they were fragments in his own hand-writing of those matchless Letters, and having compared them before dinner”, and through three or four different pair of spectacles, with the autographs published in Woodfall’s last edition, I have not the faintest scruple in announcing to the world, that the fruit of this comparison was a perfect conviction, that JUNIUS and SUETT were *alter et idem* ; for if there is a difference in their respective autographies, the Fairies alone can see it. From this Delphic decision I cannot imagine that the public (notwithstanding the heat and

” In conformity to the Horatian Canon ; “ *impransi disquire!*” Sat. ii. 2. 7.

stir of the controversy, which is still at its height, and in Babel confusion) will be bold enough to dissent ; but if so, the fragments are in my possession, and the sceptical may examine them at their leisure. I have framed them in *congenial wormwood*, with mouldings of *polished brass* ; and cherishing, as every man is bound to do in this age of *Bibliomaniacs*, a jealous regard to the literary honours of my children's children, I have bequeathed them *directly* as an heirloom to the Oronoko family for ever, but *contingently*, and in default of issue male at the thirty-third generation, to the Archives of the British Museum ; accompanied by a liberal salary to four trustees, whose exclusive duty shall be to wage in that quarter a *bellum internecinum* against the predatory incursions of worms, moths, and other literary vermin, and there to preserve with an eye of unwinking vigilance, and beneath the custody of twelve patent padlocks, this peerless and invaluable deposit to the end of time ! And, dearest Tom, could I encourage a hope that my voice were strong enough to call forth distant echoes, I would utter a wish that THESE TWO LETTERS might also, like periwinkles clinging to the keel of a man of war, accompany the documents in question—might



become a κτήμα ες αιν, (or heir-loom for posterity,) and

Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale,  
POPE.

which will waft the name of SUETT into the haven of immortality. Yet, whilst I emulate the ambition of the GREAT HISTORIAN whose words I have quoted, in his ingenuous desire of posthumous renown, I am not capable, any more than he was, of dissembling my fears lest these my labours should be disrelished by the reader, and blackballed from the roll of Fame: and, as it happens, not a little whimsically, my fears are grounded on the very same basis with his own;

Και ες μιν ακροατιν ισως ΤΟ ΜΗ ΜΥΘΩΔΕΣ ΑΥΤΩΝ  
αποκρισεων φανεται. THUCYD. Hist. lib. i. c. 22.

Ever, my dear Cousin,  
most affectionately and entirely yours,

Æ. O.

---

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